

*The Comickall Historie of*

You that did voyd your rhume upon my beard,  
And foot me as you spurne a stranger curre  
Over your threshold: moneyes is your sute;  
What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
Hath a Dog money? is it possible,  
A Curre can lend three thousand Ducats? or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,  
With bated breath, and whispering humblenesse  
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,  
You spurn'd me such a day another time,  
You call'd me Dogge: and for these curtesies  
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so againe,  
To spet on the againe, to spurne thee to.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends: for when did friendship take  
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?  
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,  
Who if hee breake, thou mayst with better face  
Exact the penalty. *Shy.* Why looke you how you storme,  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doyt  
Of Vllance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me:  
This is kind I offer. *Ant.* This were kindnesse.

*Shy.* This kindnesse will I shew:  
Goe with mee to a Notarie, seale me there  
Your single Bond, and in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such summe or summes as are  
Exprest in the Condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equall pound  
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content in faith, Ile seale to such a Bond,  
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seale to such a Bond for me,  
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.

*Ant.* Why

*the Merchant*

*Ant.* Why feare not man, I  
Within these two months, that's  
This Bond expires, I doe expect  
Of thrice three times the value of

*Shy.* O father *Abram*, what  
Whose owne hard dealings teach  
The thoughts of others: Pray you  
If he should breake his day, what  
By the exaction of the forfeiture  
A pound of mans flesh taken from  
Is not so estimable, profitable nee  
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Calves  
To buy his favour, I extend this  
If he will take it, so, if not, adi  
And for my love I pray you wro

*Ant.* Yes *Shylocke*, I will se

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith  
Give him direction for this merr  
And I will goe and purse the Du  
See to my house left in the feare  
Of an unthriftie knave, and pre  
Ile be with you. *Exit. Ant.*  
The Hebrew will turne Christian

*Bass.* I like not faire termes,

*Ant.* Come on, in this there  
My ships come home a month be

*Enter Morochus, a tawny Moor  
followers accordingly, with Po*

*Moroc.* Mislike me not for r  
The shadowed Livery of the bur  
To whom I am a neighbour, and  
Bring me the fayrest Creature N  
Where *Phabus* fire scarce thawe  
And let us make incision for your  
To prove whose blood is reddest  
I tell thee Lady, this aspect of m  
Hath fear'd the valiant; (by my l